crawling betweene earth and heaven? we are arrant Knaves, beleeve none of us, go thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father?

Ophel. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be ſhut upon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne houſe:
Farewell.

Ophel. O helpe him you ſweet heavens.

Ham. If thou doſt marry, Ile give thee this plague for thy dowry, be thou as chaſte as Ice, as pure as ſnow, thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny, get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marrie a foole, for wiſemen know well enough what monſters you make of them: to a Nunry, goe, and quickly too, farewell.

Ophel. Heavenly powers reſtore him.

Ham. I have heard of your paintings well enough: God hath given you one face, and you make your ſelves another, gig and amble, and you liſt you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonneſſe ignorance; go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad: I ſay we will have no moe marriages, thoſe that are married already all but one ſhall live, the reſt ſhall keepe as they are: to a Nunrie goe. *Exit.*

Ophel. O what a noble minde is here orethrowne!
The Courtiers, Souldiers, Scholars, eie, tongue, ſword,
Th'expectation and Roſe of the faire ſtate,
The glaſſe of faſhion, and the mould of forme,
Th'obſerv'd of all obſervers, quite, quite downe,
And I of Ladies moſt deject and wretched,
That ſuckt the honey of his Muſicke vowes;
Now ſee what noble and moſt ſoveraigne reaſon
Like ſweet bels jangled out of time, and harſh,
That unmatcht forme and ſtature of blowne youth
Blaſted with extaſie. O woe is me
T' have ſeen what I have ſeen, ſee what I ſee! *Exit.*

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections doe not that way tend,
For what he ſpake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes, there's ſomething in his ſoule
Ore which his melancholy ſits on brood,
And I doe doubt the hatch and the diſcloſe

Will

Will be ſome danger; which for to prevent
I have in quicke determination
Thus ſet downe: he ſhall with ſpeed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countries different,
With variable objects ſhall expell
This ſomething ſetled matter in his heart,
Whereon his braines ſtill beating,
Puts him thus from faſhion of himſelfe.
What thinke you on't?

Pol. It ſhall doe well:
But yet I doe beleeve the origen and commencem
Sprung from neglected love: how now *Ophelia?*
You need not tell us what Lord *Hamlet* ſaid,
We heard it all: my Lord doe as you pleaſe,
But if you hold it fit, after the Play
Let his Queen-mother all alone entreat him
To ſhew his griefe; let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (ſo pleaſe you) in the eare
Of all their conference: if ſhe find him not,
To England ſend him, or confine him where
Your wiſdome beſt ſhall think.

King. It ſhall be ſo,
Madneſſe in great ones muſt not unmatcht goe.

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Player

Ham. Speake the ſpeech I pray you as I pron
trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it
Players do, I had as lieve the Towne-crier ſpoke
not ſaw the aire too much with your hand, thus, b
for in the very torrent tempeſt, and, as I may ſay
your paſſion you muſt acquire and beget a temp
give it ſmoothneſſe: O it offends mee to the ſo
buſtious Perwig-pated fellow teare a paſſion to
rags, to ſpleet the eares of the ground-lings, who
are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe ſ
I would have ſuch a fellow whipt for ore-doing T
Herods Herod, pray you avoid it.

Play. I warrant your honour.

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